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MR. CHARLES WOOD.

GRAND NEW AND ORIGINAL
CHRISTMAS COMIC PANTOMIME
FOR 1873-4,
ENTITLED

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD:
OR,



HARLEQUIN JACK HORNER AND THE GRANDAM GOOD,
AND
THE VERY WICKED WOLF OF KNOWSLEY WOOD.

By Mr. J. F. McARDLE.

LIVERPOOL:

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WORK BOXES, WRITING DESKS,
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TOYS AND FANCY GOODS

Specially suited for
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THE LARGEST STOCK OF DOLLS IN TOWN.

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(Opposite Seacombe Street),
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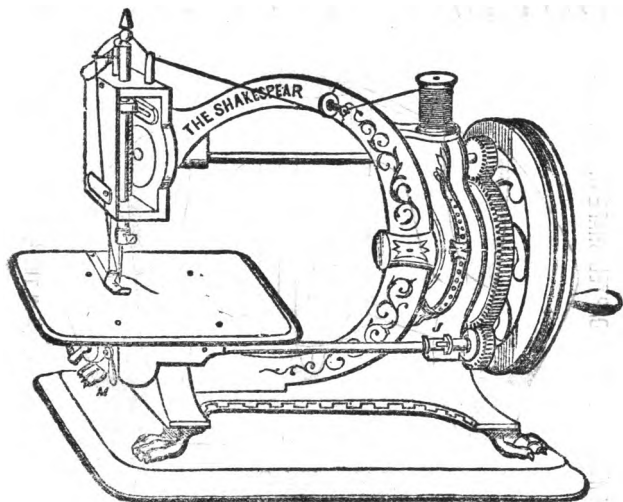
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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD;

OR,
HARLEQUIN JACK HORNER & THE GRANDAM GOOD,
AND THE VERY WICKED WOLF OF KNOWSLEY WOOD.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL
GRAND AND GORGEOUS
COMIC CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
SPECIALLY INVENTED AND WRITTEN FOR THE
ROTUNDA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL,

1873-4.

By Mr. JOHN F. McARDLE,
*Author of the very successful Rotunda Pantomime "Babes in
the Wood"—produced 1872-3.*

The New and Magnificent Scenery specially Designed and
Executed by Mr. R. ATKINSON, Mr. L. SUTCLIFFE,
and Assistants.

The Overture and Sparkling Music specially Composed,
Selected, and Arranged by Mr. C. WOOD.

The Comic Masks, &c., by Mr. A. B. BRADWELL,
Drury Lane Theatre, London.

The Machinery and Mechanical Effects by Mr. W. BAMBER.

The Lime-Light by Mr. C. GRAY.

The Gorgeous and Grotesque Costumes by
Mr. S. MAY, Miss MALLEY, and Assistants.

The Ballets Invented by Mr. H. LEOPOLD, and directed by
Madilles. CRESWICK and VEZIN.

The Comic Scenes Invented and Arranged by
Mr. HARRY LEOPOLD.

The Pantomime Directed by Mr. C. WOOD, Assisted by Mr.
E. SENNETT, under the immediate Superintendence of
Mr. D. GRANNELL, PROPRIETOR.

CHARACTERS.

Demons :

Lupus (the very Wicked Wolf of Knowsley Wood) **MR. BASIL HENRY.**
Wolverino (The Ravenous Graball) - **MR. W. G. ROBINSON.**
Foxifum (His Cunning Follower) - **MR. J. O. NICKELS.**
Lupusco, Diabolop, Jackawl, Higheena, Queercub, Skunky,
Wolfisher, &c., &c. (the Wicked Wolfish Family).

Fairies :

Eglantine (the Fairy Queen of the Wild-Flowers) **MISS MAY BOWERMAN.**
Daisy (the Delight of the Dell) - **MISS JULIA CRESWICK.**
The Wild-Flower Fairies.—**Anemone, Celandine, Violet, Woodbine,**
Jessamine, Clematis, Snowdrop, Wild-Fern, Heliotrope, Verbena, Honey-
suckle, Bluebell, Cowslip, Lad's-love, Primrose, Buttercup, Oxlip,
Harebell, Amaranth, Sweetbriar, Moss-rose, &c., &c., by the **MISSSES**
LESTER, ROWLANDS, and the Corps of **Coryphæes**

Mortals :

Poppy (Little Red Riding Hood) - **MISS ALICE DODD.**
(Specially engaged for this Character)
Little Jack Horner (the Good Boy), her Lover- **MISS NELLY VEZIN.**
Little Boy Blue (the Shepherd Swain) - **MISS ADA MONTROSE.**
Little Bo-Peep (the Shepherdess) - **MISS ANNIE KEAN.**
Little Tommy Green (the Bad Boy) - **MR. HARRY LEOPOLD.**
Little Johnny Stout (the Fat Boy) - **MR. HARRY HOLLAND.**
Baron Brandinose (the Blustering Baron of **BOOTLECUMLINAKER**), Jack
 Horner's Uncle, and Usher of his Knowsley Estates, **MR. EDWIN SENNETT.**
Ruddikonk (his Henchman, Favourite, Retainer), the Bloated Beadle and
 School-Board Inspector of Bootlecumlinaker, **MR. ROLAND ATKINSON.**
Dame Trot (Red Riding Hood's Mother) - **MISS JULIA LEWIS.**
Tabby - - - - - (Her Wonderful Cat).
Tibby - - - - - - (Her Wonderful Dog).
Old Dame Durden (Red Riding Hood's Granny) **MISS A. WIGANALL.**
Little Tom Tucker - - - - **MISS ANNIE WHITE.**
Little Goody Two-Shoes - - - - **MISS SARAH REID.**
Little Humpty Dumpty - - - - **MISS JANET CORRY.**
Little Margery Daw - - - - **MISS SELINA COOK.**
Little Franky Spanky - - - - **MISS E. A. WILLIAMS.**
Little Nelly Jelly - - - - **MISS KATE HENDERSON.**
Little Jacky Sprat - - - - **MISS ADA MOSEDALE.**
Little Mary Contrary - - - - **MISS ANNIE GORE.**
Lobbo d. Badlot, Turnupsnout, Snubnose, Bloatyface, &c.
Retainers, Villagers, Villageresses.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

SCENE I.

THE RUGGED RAVINE OF THE RAVIN-OUS WOLVES.

[*Stage Dark—Dismal Demon Dance by WOLVERINO, FOXIFUM, LUPINO, and other Wolves*].

AIR—"It's hard to Love!"

Chorus.—We never eat, we never drink,
For we don't get the chance;
On starvation's brink we can never sleep a wink,
But must keep up the demon dance.

Wolv. (*Solus*)—I have a silent sorrow here—
A vacuum in my breast!
I feel as if old skim-milk cheese
I could easily digest.

Chorus (Omnes) repeated.—"We never eat, &c."

[*LUPUS enters moodily*].

Lupus.—Now you have ended that tune, I entreat
That you'll continue in some other street;
As Shakespeare says, "Move on!"

Wolv.—Nay! with our music
We can't move on, for hunger's made us too sick
To walk.

Foxi.—It's bread—that is, the *staff* of life—
We *ax* to cut our *stick*.

Lupus.—Cease all this strife!
There's no use your complaining in this way,
For I myself haven't touched a bit to-day,
Except a sucking pig and tough bull-pup,
And such-like, I've not had bit, bite, or sup;
For some substantial food I growl and groan.

Wolv.—No wonder, since so very gross you've *grown*.

Lupus.—How dare you hint, now, that so gross I grow!
My skin hangs *loose* about me, and will show
I madly feel the pangs of appetite.

Wolv.—You're never '*appy*, only when your *tight*.

Lupus.—You're always howling!

Wolv.—Well, I think we've reason;
I mean to speak out, though you think it treason.

Foxi.—Go it, old boy!

Wolv.—It is a reg'lar shame
Things are so precious scarce; and you're to blame.
Each wolfish *matron* to her darling *mate runs*,
Complaining that her cub with empty plate runs.

Lupus.—Silence your whinings; for your tale's so wordy,
I could as soon endure a hurdy-gurdy.
Much as *we* starve, poor people suffer more;
They cannot keep the wolf now from the door,
And, when they fall a prey, they are so thin,
We find there's naught to pick but bone and skin.

Wolv.—Why, bless us! work is brisk—there's plenty of it;
Wages are high, too.

- Lupus.*— But the poor don't profit.
Workmen may have their wages raised to double,
And still must pinch themselves for all their trouble.
- Foxi.*—How's that, pray?
- Lupus.*— Why, the price of food and coal
Is more than trebled now, upon the whole.
- Wolv.*—Well, all the better for the colliers; they,
I'm told, can make three pounds or so a day.
- Foxi.*—And only just need work whene'er they like.
- Wolv.*—That's one result of their late gen'ral strike.
- Lupus.*—They wear broadcloth, cigars smoke, drink champagne,
But, on the poor, inflict much *real* pain.
- Wolv.*—They have a right, which no employer can shirk,
To claim the biggest wages for their work.
- Lupus.*—I don't begrudge it them; but, yet, the poor
It is that have to grind for it, be sure;
For every shilling higher colliers raise,
The public ten to rich coal-owners pays.
- Wolv.*—Well, what's all this to us?
- Foxi.*— Ay, there's the rub.
We're starving out and out.
- Lupus.*— Shut up, you cub!
- Wolv.*—Gladstone has lowered the price of all their eatables,
And given them free breakfast—aye, and tea-tables;
Sugar's as cheap as sand.
- Lupus.*— With sand they make it.
- Wolv.*—Milk, cheap as water.
- Lupus.*— From the pump they take it.
- Wolv.*—And, think of caper tea—two bob a pound!
- Lupus.*—Hush! Stop your capers. What d'ye think they found
In this cheap tea?
- Foxi. & Omnes.*— What?
- Lupus.*— Steel and iron filings!
- Wolv.*— No wonder iron's dear!
Cease these revilings!
It's wrong to worry grocers all they can,
When all the blame lies with John Chinaman.
They should prevent all this adulteration
Before the tea has reached its destination.
- Lupus.*—As for the post of public analyst,
I know, when 'tis abolished, 'twon't be missed.
Why, what d'ye think?
- Omnes.*— Well? What?
- Lupus.*— They dared to utter
The grossest calumnies of Kelly's butter.
- Omnes.*—Good gracious! awful!
- Lupus.*— Yes, they said the yellow
Was mixed with dreadful rubbish; first one fellow
Said it was palm-oil.
- Omnes.*— Oh!
- Lupus.*— Or carriage grease.
Another found ground brick-bats in a piece.
With such-like substances, they all pretended
To find his primest sevenpenny blended.
To court they lugged him off, and did their best
To prove the yellow wouldn't stand the test
Of 'cute officials, who can glibly talk,
Yet hardly can distinguish cheese from chalk.
- Lupus.*—The chances are, that any tradesman now
May be involved in an expensive row;

And, even when he proves he's not to blame,
He's mulcted in big penalties the same.

Foki.—That's not fair.

Wolv.— No ; I only wish I had
A keg of "yellow" here—'twould not be bad.

Lupus.—Bad ! if like paving-stones the butter felt,
We're all so ravenous—we'd make it melt.
But, hark ! hush ! listen !

Wolv.— What ?

Lupus.— Be still, I say !
Joy ! joy ! at last, a victim comes this way.
Retreat ; conceal yourselves !

Wolv.— All very fine !

While you remain to eat him.

Lupus.— First bite's mine ;
But, if the prey's a plump one, I'll share fair.
[*Aside, to Wolv.*] What part do you like best ?

Wolv.— I don't much care.

Lupus.—The breast ? or, say, a wing ?

Wolv.— He's not a chicken ;
He doesn't seem as if he'd prove nice pickin'.

Lupus.—He's coming ; see ! Hide quick ! Say—leg or breast.

Wolv.—Save me the giblets.

Lupus.— Right ; don't tell the rest.

[*Enter BARON BRANDINOSE and RUDDIKONK.*]

Brand.—Hold up, ole feller—come, I say, you're drunk.
Oh ! that a man so low should e'er be sunk
In degradation and (*hic !*) the very dirt !
Here—law !—you've dropt me.

Ruddi.— Did I ? Are you hurt ?
Get up, man ! don't go rolling on the floor.

Brand.—I never saw the world go round before.

(*maudlin*) Oh ! that a man should put his enemy
Into his brains to steal his mouth—let's see—
That isn't right—Oh, that a man should put
His brains into his mouth to steal—tut, tut !
I've muddled it.

Ruddi.— Yes ; we're both in a muddle.

Come, now, don't settle down in this 'ere puddle.

Brand.—Where have we got to ?

Ruddi.—Law ! there's something beckoning.

Brand.—We haven't paid our shot—and lost our reckoning.

Ruddi.—I'm sure they're wolves (*howl outside*).

Brand.— Hark, what a howl ! what's that ?

Ruddi.—An 'owl ! it's like a wolf.

Brand.— More like a cat.

A wolf like that could never caterwaul.

Ruddi.—I wish that out of this I could but crawl.

Brand.—You're not afraid ?

Ruddi.—(*trembling*) Oh, not at all, yer wushup.

Brand.—Here ; come, and give a fellow's back a push-up.
You dropped me in a very pretty spot, too.

Hi, ho ! Where can that Ruddinose have got to ?

Ruddi.—If I can only creep behind that hedge,
I vow to take at once the temperance pledge

Brand.—Come, don't disturb me—leave me here in peace,
I know I shan't be locked up by the p'leece ;
Whene'er they way lay me—a quiet tip—
And then they let me through their fingers slip.

How far are we from Bootle Bay, or Linacre?
 Splice your main deck, and hoist your topmast spinaker.
 Ease up, old friend—here, come, just bear a hand,
 Why, I declare, the fellow cannot stand.
 I say, I've done Jack Horner nicely, haven't I?
 I've cheated him of Knowsley Hall—he'll try,
 In vain, to oust me now. I mean, beside,
 To make his Riding Hood my lovely bride.
 But here! just tip us a fin—oh my! how hairy;
 Quite hair-suit—hirsute—where's my dictionary?
 Oh, never mind, what's odds s'long as yer happy.
 Hullo! who's this?

Lupus.—(Coming forward) Good evening, my old chap.

Brand.—(Suddenly sobered).
 If thou beest he?

Eh?

Lupus.— I'm not a *beast* at all,
 So on that subject you had best sing small.

Brand.—Is it a tender subject? Well, adieu!

Lupus.—A tend'rer subject we may find in you.

Wolv.—Nay, now, not quite so fast!

Brand.— Good morning!

Foxi.—

Stay!

Lupus.—(Bringing him back) We have a word or two with you to say.

Brand.—A word or two—I'm done!

Lupus.— Done to a turn.

Say would you rather roast, or broil, or burn?

Brand.—Not just now, thank you. I've a sharp appointment.

Wolv.—Stay! we could eat him raw; with Holloway's ointment
 He'd slip down easily!

Brand.— What! eat me raw?

Lupus.—Yes, look at each wolf's most capacious maw,
 They'd eat you up ere you could count—say twenty!

Brand.—(Kneeling) Twenty? Oh count ten millions—ay, count plenty:
 Think of my wife, and spare my wretched life.

Lupus.—Your wife? You're single!

Brand.— That's my future wife,

I mean the little sweet Red Riding Hood.

She lives at Knowsley, just beyond the wood:

I love her dearly—In my place I'll send her.

I'm old and tough—while she is plump and tender.

Wolv.—We're famishing, and can't wait.

Brand.— Nay, don't scorn her,

Into the bargain I will throw Jack Horner!

The maiden and her beau I'll sacrifice,

Come, spare me—you'll find them so very nice.

Lupus.—Restrain my appetite, I surely would
 For titbits like this little Red Riding Hood.

Brand.—I'll see she falls your very easy prey,

Along with Horner—ay, this very day.

And, to afford your hunger some relief,

See, here's a tin of prime Australian beef.

[Throws tin among them. General scramble.]

They'll never open it without a knife.

Lupus.—On this condition, then, we spare your life—

That, at this very wood, this very hour,

You place the pretty maiden in our power.

But know, that lovely child is placed for good,

Safe with the wild-flowers of this Knowsley wood.

Queen Eglantine protects her while among

Her bosky bowers of perfume and sweet song.

We cannot harm her if she never stray
Beyond the shelter of the woods away.

Brand.—I'll lure her off. Her granny's in her dotage.
I'll have her sent with things to granny's cottage:
There you can eat her up, and granny, too,
And for my worthless life you'll then have two.

Lupus.—But this Jack Horner—

Brand.—Oh! Jack I'd forgot.

Well, I'd prefer you'd eat him up as not.
He is the rightful heir of Knowsley. I
Will seize on his estates—if he should die—

Lupus.—Three victims for our supper? What a feed!

Brand.—Your hands upon our bargain.

Lupus.—There, agreed!

CHORUS.

AIR—"The Conspirator's Chorus."

[*Omnes exeunt*].

[*Enter QUEEN EGLANTINE*].

Egl.—So, wicked wolf, and wretched Brandinose,
The wild-flower wood-nymphs you would thus oppose;
The pretty Poppy, though it seems a weed,
Grows up among the richest of the mead.
Your subtle plots to seize Red Riding Hood
I will subvert, and turn them to her good.
Jack Horner yet his own the maid shall call,
And wed his sweet young bride in Knowsley Hall.
But now, to summon to their aid my flowers,
Behold! I thus display our fairy bowers!

SCENE II.

THE BEAUTEOUS BOWERS OF THE WILD-WOOD FLOWERS IN DAISY DELL. FAIRY CHORUS AND FLORAL REVELS.

OPENING AIR—*Original*.

Egl.—Thanks, witching wild flowers for your welcome strains,
Your Queen's best favour shall reward your pains;
What guerdon ask you, for I can't refuse?

Daisy.—Well, if you please, what is the latest news?

[*Latest News Introduced here.*]

Egl.—The latest news is of our pretty Poppy.
She's threatened with—

Daisy.—They're cutting the corn crop, eh?

Egl.—Oh! worse than that, the wolves and Brandinose
Have sworn to be our pet's eternal foes!

Daisy.—Ah, say you so?

Egl.—The Baron hopes he's torn her
From her true lover—little Jack Horner;
But both we must protect with all our power,
And save sweet Poppy for our beauteous bower.

Daisy.—Knows she the plot?

Egl.—No, still the maiden sleeps
Unconscious of her danger. Ere dawn peeps
Above the shoulders of the distant hill,
She dreams in happy ignorance of ill.

Look where she slumbers ! Sing your sweetest lay,
While I forewarn her of her risk to-day.

[*Vision of LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*].

Bright Poppy ! emblem of deep slumber, wake !
Oh, wake ! the wicked wolf your life would take.

[*Lupus appears*].

Ha, Lupus, do not dare to hurt a hair
Of this bright flower underneath our care.
Now, pretty Poppy, from your sleep arise :
Quick ! fade at once from our dear fairies' eyes.

[*Fairy Flowers Return*].

Mpl.—Now should the wicked Baron try to lure
Our fav'rite, by this dream will warn'd be sure.
You, Daisy, make it your especial care
To guard the pretty Poppy everywhere.
Resume your fairy sports till break of day,
To watch the wicked wolves I must away !

[*Exit*].

WILD-FLOWER WALTZ. GRAND BALLET OF BOUQUETS.

SCENE III.

INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE OF DAME TROT, RED RIDING HOOD'S MOTHER,

[*DAME enters, accompanied by her Cat, TABBY*].

Dame.—What ! my sweet Poppy not awake yet ? Why,
What makes her unto ten o'clock thus lie ?
Poppy ! My pretty Pop !

Poppy.—[*Outside*]. I'm not awake.

Dame.—What ! Not awake yet. What a time you take.
The sun is up.

Poppy.—[*Entering*]. The son ! I am your daughter ;
Well, what, if sleeping yet your child you've caught her ?
I've had such horrid dreams.

Dame.—Dreams !

Poppy.—Yes, I saw

A wicked wolf, with most terrific jaw,
Devouring me, poor weak Red Riding Hood,
As I went rambling through the lonesome wood.

Dame.—Oh, nonsense, child. Don't mind such silly dreams ;
They never do come true to me, it seems.

Go, get you ready in your little hood
And pretty cloak to cross the Knowsley Wood,
As this is May-day, to poor granny take
Some nice fresh butter and a big cheese-cake.

Poppy.—What, through the wood ! The wicked wolves I fear

Dame.—You merely saw them in your dreams, my dear.

They'll never harm you ; on your way you'll jog
Quite safe with Tibby here, my faithful dog.

Tibby ! Here, Tibby !

[*Tibby enters*]

Ah, my faithful terrier,

Would you let wicked wolves eat up and bury her

Tibby.—Bow, wow !

Dame.—Thanks for your offer—cease your b

I take your promise, and accept your wow.

Poppy.—But who'll protect you, ma, while I'm away ?

Dame.—My pretty Tabby here, with me will stay.

So now I'll go and bring your basket here,

With all the presents for your granny, dear.
Come, Tab. and Tib., you'll eat before she goes.

[*DAME exits, with TABBY and TIBBY*].

Poppy.—Ah, me, I fear those wolves ; for just suppose
They caught me as I wandered thro' the wood,
That little dog, poor Tib, would be no good.
If I could only get my own Jack Horner
To come with me, and leave his little corner,
I'd feel quite safe. With all my youthful meekness,
For that Jack Horner I've a reg'lar weakness.

BALLAD. AIR—"Love, Love."

[*Enter BARON*].

Baron.—Ah, there she is, the darling ! How I've paid her,
For to the wicked Lupus I've betrayed her ;
Its better, though, she's clawed instead of me,
For with the wolves I'm sure I'd not agree.
Sweet Poppy !

Poppy.—Ah, who speaks ?

Baron.—Loved Brandinose !

Poppy.—The Baron ! Horrid monster !

Brand.—[*Kneeling*] Now, here goes !

I love you, Poppy, more than any think !

Poppy.—Baron, you've lately had something to drink.
Who did Jack Horner out of his estates ?
And seized old Knowsley Hall ? Raised local rates,
Harried the farmers, screwed the laborers down,
And made a wilderness of Beotle town ?

Brand.—I love you all the same. Just fly with me
And such a lovely home I'll find for thee—
A palace on the top of Walton Hill ;
Where you can eat, and drink, and sleep your fill,
And you are quite protected by high walls.
The Income-Tax Collector never calls ;
They never ask you anything to pay,
And find you clothes for nothing—sober grey,
Which you can have renewed so how you wear 'em,
And only get six months in case you tear 'em.
Say, will you try with me, the first incomer,
This palace lifting to eternal summer ?

Poppy.—Begone ! I scorn both you and your addresses.

Brand.—Ha, say you so ! I'll curl your golden tresses.

Do not of me and my suit be a scerner ;

For I will ruin you and your Jack Horner.

Him I defy ! [Seizes her].

Poppy.—Would he were here to help me.

Brand.—One kiss !

Poppy.—Help !—Help !

Brand.—He isn't here to skelp me,
In vain you call—Jack cannot hear you now.

[*Enter JACK. He floors BARON*].

Jack.—A lady in distress !—Take that ! I vow
To blow your brains out if you don't let go.

Brand.—Jack Horner here ! I'll be revenged !

Jack.—Just so.

Poppy.—This to my teeth ?

Jack.—Your false teeth !

Brand.—Ah, beware !

My fearful vengeance.

Jack.— Go it. I don't care!
This is my sweetheart and my pretty Poppy.
I'll fight for her!

Brand.— I still feel somewhat moppy,
Or else I'd challenge you, you little babby
To mortal combat! [Enter **TIBBY** and **TABBY**.]

Poppy.— Hi, here, Tibby, Tabby!

Jack.— Seize him, good dog, and bite him, pretty pussy.
[*Dog and Cat chase BARON out.*]

If they let go of him, 'twill be a mussy.

Poppy.— Thanks, gentle Jacky, ma your aid will bless.

Jack.— I could'n't see my Poppy in distress.

Where are you going?—may your Jacky ask it?

Poppy.— I'm going to my granny's with a basket
Of cheese-cakes.

Jack.— Oh! To carry it may I
Go with you, Poppy. Here's my Christmas pie,
I've just put in my thumb to pull a plum.

But there, just give it granny!—May I come?

Poppy.— You can; and yet you mayn't—well, there, you may.
But wait—I wonder what will mother say?

DUET. AIR.—“*Ella Leene.*”

Jack.— You are fair as the beams of the morning,
Quite as sweet and as tender as the rose.

Poppy.— Oh, just whisper, if you please, a little softer;
Who there may be listening, no one knows.

Jack.— I am sure that your mother, old Dame Trot, owes
To me your hand in marriage.

Poppy.— Oh, my gentle Jack, you must be jesting;
You're as green, I'm sure, as any cab-bage.

Jack.— Come, my pet, don't love be always scorning;
I repeat—you are much fairer than the rose.

Poppy.— If my ma comes, I must bid you a good morning.
She'll be vexed when my love for you she knows.

(*Air changes to El Cetera.*)

[**DAME TROT** re-enters].

Dame.— Here is your basket. What! Jack Horner here!
Oh, stay, I've caught you both. Don't be afraid;
You thought me cross, but a great miss you maid.
To settle that mistake I must endeavour.

Miss, take his hand. There, now, she's yours for ever.

Jack.— Although my father and my friends are gone,
With such a gift I shall not feel aloan.

Dame.— I'll prove a father—she your fair; of course,
Young man, you might go fairther and fare worse.
But where's my Tabby Cat?

Poppy.— Ma, I can't tell.

[Enter **TIBBY**.]

Tibby.— Oh! gracious, mam, why, Pussy's in the well!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Poppy.— Ding, dong, dell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?

Little Tommy Green.

Jack.— Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.

Omnes.— What a naughty boy was that,
To try and drown the pussy cat.
Who never did him any harm,



QUARTETT.

Oh, Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
 Eating his Christmas pie ;
 He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,
 And said, " What a good boy am I ! "

(Exit DAME TROT).

Poppy.—And now, Jack Horner, I must really go !

Jack.—What's in the basket ?

Cakes and butter !

Jack.—

Oh !

Who will protect you through the lonesome wood ?

Poppy.—My faithful Tibby, here, would shed his blood
 To save me.

Jack.—But the wolves—the Baron wicked—
 May now molest you in some darkling thicket.

Poppy.—Nay, while I wander through the leafy bowers
 I'm safe among the pretty wild wood flowers.

Jack.—But who'll protect your mother ?

Dame [re-entering, with TABBY cat].—Ne'er mind that.
 See, I have rescued my poor Tabby cat !
 A more mischievous lad was never seen,
 Than that young imp, the urchin—Tommy Green.
 From that deep well I'd ne'er have got her out,
 But for that very fat boy—Johnny Stout.
 Go, pretty Poppy, to your granny's cot :
 I hope my messages you've not forgot.

Jack.—Mayn't I go with her, just to guard her way.

Dame.—Nay, if you both go, you are sure to play.
 The lads and lasses on the village green,
 Are dancing round the pretty May-pole seen ;
 Don't you, my darling, tarry on the road
 To play or dance. My corns some ill forbode.
 What, if the wolves—

Jack.—

The wolves !

Poppy.—With " Schneider " here
 To guard my steps, the wolves I'll never fear.

GRAND QUINTETT—A LA EMMETT.

AIR—" Schneider, How You Vas."

Poppy.—With Schneider here, I've nought to fear
 From wolves and wicked elves, too.

Omnes.—Oh, Schneider, Schneider, Schneider, how you vas ?

Jack.—The Tabby Cat can smell a rat ;
 And we'll protect ourselves, too.

Omnes.—Oh, Schneider, Schneider, &c.

Refrain.—Tuliety, tuliety, tuliety, tuliety,
 Tibby foll lol, folliety.

Omnes.—Schneider, how you vas ?

II.

Poppy.—Leave her alone ; though old she's grown,
 She's safe enough with Tabby.

Omnes.—Oh, Schneider, &c.
 I'll not delay or play by the way,

Or Granny will think it shabby.

Omnes.—Oh, Schneider, &c.

[Grotesque Dance, and Exit].

SCENE IV.

KNOWSLEY HALL AND VILLAGE GREEN IN THE
OLDEN TIME.

EXTERIOR OF DAME TROT'S COTTAGE.

[All the Peasants discovered].

OPENING CHORUS.—AIR from "*Fille de Madame Angot*."

Boy Blue.—Our May-day sports 'tis time we should begin ;
But who, as our May-Queen, the wreath shall win ?
Before we enter on our May-day sport,
The fairest damsel here should hold her court ;
And then, the Queen must choose from all the throng
Her favourite swain, to love her whole life long.
But how elect her ?

Tommy (Green).— By a show of hands,
Or else, by ballot.

Boy Blue (pointing to Bo-Peep).—O, well, there she stands.

Tommy.—Bo-peep ? Oh, no ! She went and fell asleep.
While she was snoozing, some one stole her sheep.

Omnes.—Little Bo-peep, she lost her sheep,
And couldn't tell where to find 'em ;
Leave 'em alone, and they'll come home,
And carry their tails behind 'em.

Tommy.—No ; if we go and make the little Bo-peep
Our May-day Queen, she's sure to fall asleep.

Johnny Stout.—Well, here, I'll tell you what—let's have no jaw—
The best May-Queen we have is Marg'ry Daw

Tommy.—What, Margery ? She'll never do, for we saw
Her Kissing Humpty Dumpty, playing see-saw.

Omnes.—See-saw, Margery Daw ;
She shall have a new master ;
She can make but a penny a day,
Because she can work no faster !

Bo-peep.—Well, if you won't have me, here's little Mary ;
She'll make the sweetest Queen.

Tommy.— She's too contrary ;
We're sure to quarrel ere the day is done.
No, we must find a nice sweet-tempered one !

Omnes.—Mary, Mary, quite contrary ;
How does your garden grow ?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And cowslips all of a row.

Bo-Peep.—Try Goody Two-Shoes—She is always at
Some useful work.

Boy Blue.— Don't be too sure of that ;
The other day, I caught her—what d'ye think ?
When sent for beer, taking—oh, such a drink.

[Enter RED RIDING HOOD and JACK HORNER, from Cottage,
with TIBBY.

Tommy.—Hillo ! Here's Poppy ; she's the girl for me !

Boy Blue.— Ah, in that sentiment we all agree.

Tommy.—I love her ; and Tom Tucker I'll cut out.

Johnny.—I'll have her, sure as my name's Johnny Stout.

Bo-Peep.—Red Riding Hood's our May-day Queen.

Omnes.— Hooray !

Tommy.—Who raises an objection ? No one ! Say,
Sweet Red Riding Hood, will you be our May-Queen,
And lead our sports off on the Village Green ?

Poppy.—I should be proud and grateful for your choice,
Especially when chosen by the voice
Of many maids much prettier than I,
But, still, I must decline the honour.

Omnes.—(disappointed) Why?

Poppy.—My Grandmother, who lives beyond the wood,
Is poorly, and she is so kind and good
That Mother's sent me to her with this basket
Of butter, eggs, and cakes.

Boy Blue.— We wouldn't ask it,
Only, you are our prettiest village belle
To ring the May-day in.

Bo-Peep.— We'll never tell
Your Mother that you stopped with us to play.
Oh, do consent to open this May-day!

Poppy.—And yet my message—stop, I really dussn't—
I musn't linger—Mother says I mustn't.

Tommy.—Only an hour or so—to lead the dance!

Johnny.—I'll be your partner—now, come—here's your chance!

Tommy.—You! why, you couldn't dance, man, you're too fat!

Johnny.—Go off! I'm not like you. Who drowned the cat?

Poppy.—For shame, bad boy, to try and drown poor Tabby!

Tommy (to Johnny).—Oh, tell-tale-tit, to split, you shabby babby!

Poppy.—Who is my partner, then?

Bo-Peep.— Take my Boy Blue!

Poppy.—He's sleepy, like yourself! He'll never do!

Omnes.—Little Boy Blue, come, blow me your horn!
The cow's in the meadow; the sheep's in the corn.
Where is the boy that minds the sheep?
Under the hay-stack, fast asleep.

Bo-Peep.—In this dilemma, has no sweetheart struck her?
How about Jack Sprat, here, or Tommy Tucker?

Poppy.—Tom Tucker, for his supper, has to sing;
Jack Sprat, he won't eat fat for anything.

Bo-Peep.—What about Humpty Dumpty?

Poppy.— Not at all;
He's never yet recovered from his fall.

Omnes.—Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty got a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again!

Boy Blue.—Oh, she's too saucy. Now, I almost scorn her.

Poppy.—My choice is little Jack Horner, in the corner.

Tommy.—What, Horner? Is Jack Horner, then, your fancy?
He isn't half as nice as me, I can see.

Johnny.—Besides, the vulgar, greedy, guzzling boy,
For plum, his thumb stuck in his Christmas pie.

Omnes.—Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I?"

Poppy.—It matters not—if here you'd have me stay,
And lead your sports as village Queen of May,
Jack Horner must my May-day sweetheart be.
Say, do you all agree?

Omnes.—Yes!

Tommy.—All but me!

Poppy.—Here, before all, I take him for my swain.

Jack Horner.—Let's seal the bargain—thus—

Poppy.—Thanks. Seal it again!

Jack.—And now, my lads and lasses, while we may,
Sing and be merry—let us all be gay!

MAY-DAY MELODY.

AIR—"Let us all be Gay."

- Poppy*.—Now, let us all sing merrily,
To pass the time away ;
- Jack Horner*.—And raise your voices cheerily
To hail the Queen of May !
- Boy Blue*.—With pipe and tabor, every swain
Shall make the echoes ring.
- Bo-Peep*.—Our roundelay, in jocund strain,
Together let us sing.
(*Refrain*).
- Poppy*.—Let us all be gay, girls,
Let us all be gay.
Let's sing and dance while we've the chance.
And round the May-pole play.
- Jack*.—Let us all be gay, boys ;
Let us all be gay.
With dance and song, the whole day long,
We'll celebrate the May !

[*Omnes repeat Refrain*].

MAY-DAY SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

[*At the end of which—Enter BRANDINOSE.*]

- Brand*.—What's this I see ? The village upside down !
The kids at play, and not at School ?
- Tommy Green*.—Don't frown
Upon our sports. Here—tip us just a copper !
- Brand* (*kicks him*).—Take that, you brat ! On sport I'll put a stopper.
- Johnny Stout*.—Please, sir, I'm starving—my name's Johnny Stout.
I haven't ate a bit to-day.
- Brand*. (*belabouring him*).—Get out !
This merriment I can't abear—to-day,
Each child shall not be idling in this way !
I'll go and tell my new School-Board Inspector,
And make that Poppy's ma' right well correct her.
[*Enter RUDDIKONK, with Book and Pen.*]
- Brand*.—How's this ? Look here ! Why aren't these kids at school ?
- Ruddi*.—Because they're here at play.
- Brand*.—You red-nosed fool !
That is no answer ! Let us have no raillery ;
For, why the deuce do I pay you your salary,
If not to clear the streets, and fill the schools ?
Why do I post up bills, and lay down rules
Enjoining every child on my estates
To go to school ? Why have I raised the rates,
And tried to get two hundred thousand pounds
To build new schools, and send you on your rounds
To gather in street Arabs ?—I find, still,
The schools that cost so much you never fill.
- Ruddi*.—It hain't my fault, yer wu'ship ; its no joke
To have to harry decent working folk ;
To drop on poor schoolmasters—take their bread—
The very roof they had above their head ;
And, while o'erlooking schools in Shaw or Hope Street,
Empty the thriving schools in Sawney Pope Street.
- Brand*.—Hush ! Some strong measures there we have to take
To fill our own schools, for appearance sake.
- Ruddi*.—They ask for compensation !
- Brand*.—Do they ? Stuff !
We've let 'em off with life, and that's enough.

But, why stand jabbering here? Your duty do.
 These children must be stopped at once by you.
 See! Yonder's Poppy Trot, and young Jack Horner.
 Just now, of my fond suit she was a scorner.
 I'd be revenged upon that pert young woman;
 As she is not at school, her mother summon!

[RUDDIKONK *knocks at Cottage Door. Enter DAME TROT and CAT.*]

Dame.—Well, master; what d'ye want?

Ruddi.—I want your name.

Dame.—What for? I'd rather keep it, all the same.

Brand.—Your name, I say!

Dame.—Dame Trot, Sir, if you please?

Ruddi.—How many children have you?

Dame.—Come, don't tease!

What's it to you?

Brand.—Answer!

Dame.—Just one!

Brand.—Ah—male or female?

Dame.—Oh, both—no; neither—yes—let's see—a she-male.

Ruddi.—Is she at school now?

Dame.—No; this is a holiday—

The first of May is gen'rally a jolly day.

Her Granny isn't well; so—

Baron.—Come, don't flutter!

Dame.—I sent her, with some cakes, and eggs, and butter,
 Across the wood to granny's cottage.

Baron (*aside*).—Joy!

I'll track her steps—the wolf shall her destroy.

(*aloud*) Missus—I can't believe a word you say;

Why, yonder is your daughter now at play.

Dame.—Can I believe my eyes?—why, yes; it's true;

Oh, Poppy, darling, how unkind of you!

I told you not to linger on your way.

Poppy.—I couldn't help—they made me Queen of May.

Dame.—Tut, child, no vain excuses—on you go.

Poppy.—May Jacky, here, come with me?

Dame.—Oh, dear, no!

Tibby will safely see you through the wood.

Baron.—I'll be her escort.

Oh, you're very good.

Poppy.—Thank you; I don't want company like yours.

Dame.—Such impudence I wonder he endures.

She doesn't mean it, Sir. There, girl, be off!

Brand.—I'll teach her at a noble lord to scoff!

There! catch her, Ruddikonk!

[*Baron and Ruddikonk run to catch her, and encounter Jack Horner, who takes eggs from Poppy's basket, and distributes them.*]

Jack.—You both shall catch it.

Here's an egg-sample now—just try to hatch it.

Brand.—What, thus you throw away old granny's duck eggs?

Poppy.—Go, teach your grandmother, you fool, to suck eggs.

(*Hurried Music*).

Brand.—Ho, my retainers! help, here! fire! Police!

Poppy.—Come, Tibby, here! Let's go our way in peace.

[*Red Riding Hood and Dog run off, as Jack, Tommy, and Johnny, and Villagers attack and bombard egg-shellantly Baron, Brandmose, and Retainers.*]

T A B L E A U.

SCENE V.

THE THICKEST OF THE THICKET.

[Enter LUPUS and WOLVERINO].

Wolv.—It's no use waiting ; I'm done up—dead beat.
I really must have something big to eat.

Lupus.—Then, eat your words. The Baron's sure to come ;
He dare not disappoint—so don't look glum.
Think how Red Riding Hood will prove nice picking.

Wolv.—Yes ; it's just that that's in my gizzard sticking.
I know the Baron ne'er does things by halves ;
But, while he's finding her, this party starves.
Ah ; here he is at last !

[Enter BARON].

Lupus.— You've kept us waiting.

Baron.—Excuse me, for I've got a dreadful bating.

Lupus.—Ha ! say you so ? You must now feel quite tender.
Your chances of escape are very slender.
Your promise—where is plump Red Riding Hood ?

Baron.—She is this moment coming through the wood ;
In a few minutes, she will pass by here
To reach her Granny's cottage. Never fear ;
Though you can't harm her near this fairy bower,
I will not fail to place her in your power.

Wolv.—Your plan to seize her—come, at once, unmask it.

Baron.—She's going to her Granny's with a basket.
You, Lupus, go and eat the Granny up,
And, then, on Riding Hood you both shall sup.

Lupu.—How's that ? Explain.

Baron.— Why, stupid, don't you see,
When Granny's chewed up, what a chance there'll be
To don her cap, and jump into her bed,
And, from the bed-clothes, only show your head ;
When Poppy comes—she'll think that you are Granny—
You seize her—you've no scruples ?

Lupus.— Well, not many ;
But, if the plan should fail ?

Baron.— Nay, do not quail ;
For, now-a-days, " there's no such word as fail."
Write me a line to say—I'll pay the postage.
Good morning. *[Is going, but brought back].*

Lupus.— No, you stay behind as hostage.
You, Wolverino, as a pris'ner treat him,
And, if his words prove false, we'll cook and eat him !

TRIO AND DANCE. AIR.—" Medicine Jack."

[[The Wolves dance off, as RED RIDING HOOD enters].

Poppy.—How nicely we escaped the Baron's clutches.
There's something odious in his am'rous touches.
Ah me, what pretty wild-flowers—oh ! what luck :
Some of these lovely daisies I must pluck.
Granny will be so thankful for these posies.
How very active Tibby's pretty nose is—
Why, what's the matter, doggy ?

Tibby.— Bow, wow, wow.

Poppy.—Three warning barks ! I wonder what's up now.

Do you scent danger ?

Tibby.— Wow !

Poppy.— Eh! We must hence.
 To think a dog should have uncommon scents!
 I wonder if there are big wolves about—
 The villagers won't hear me if I shout.
 I wish I had let Horner come with me—

SONG—SELECTED.

I'm getting frightened—ah! who's this I see?

[*The Fairy Daisy appears.*]

Daisy.— You plucked a daisy, and you need its aid;
 I am its spirit—nay, be not afraid.
 Though wicked wolves are prowling in the wood,
 They cannot harm you, while you're pure and good.
 Here, mid the wild-flowers of this lovely scene,
 You are protected by Queen Eglantine.
 But, past the borders of our fairy realm,
 The wicked Lupus may your dog o'erwhelm,
 And gobble you and Granny; so, take care.
 Haste on your way—of wolfish wiles beware.

Poppy.—How can I thank you, fairy?

Daisy.— Nay, don't stay

To speak your gratitude.

Farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Poppy.— Good day!

Daisy.— Sweet wild-flower that dost bloom among the corn,
 The brightest blushing beauty ever born,
 I must arouse your friends, and summon all
 The fairies that attend the sylvan call.
 Ah, who comes here? (*looks*) Jack Horner, as I live.

[*Enter JACK, hurriedly.*]

Jack.—Hillo! who's this? My rudeness you'll forgive;
 But have you, wood nymph, here a girl seen pass,
 Dressed in red riding hood?

Daisy.— A pretty lass?

Jack.—The prettiest in all the village.

Daisy.— Yes!

She's only just passed by. I know the dress.
 She's gone to Granny's cottage with a basket.
 Are you her sweetheart?—Oh, I needn't ask it:
 I see it in your face.

Jack.— Oh, spare my blushes;

After that damsel every young man rushes.

Daisy.—Let's hope they'll all rush now—for she's in danger.

Jack.—Danger? How know you?

Daisy.— I'm the wildwood-ranger.

I overheard upon this very spot
 The Baron Brandinose and Lupus plot
 Against your sweetheart's life. They mean to kill her!

Jack.—Oh Baron! Take my love, as well as siller?

Which way did she go?—for at once I'll follow.

Daisy.—Nay, by yourself the wolves would beat you hollow,
 Where are the villagers and Poppy's mother?

Jack.—This hand shall rescue my sweet love—no other.

To gather garlands they will pass this way.

Daisy.—Collect them, and without the least delay
 Pursue the track the wolves take. In the wood
 We are omnipotent; and if you should
 O'ertake the wolfish foes to your true love,
 The fairy wild-flowers will your best friend prove.

[*Duet, Dance, and Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

INTERIOR OF GRANNY'S COTTAGE.

[Granny discovered in Bed. She sits up].

Granny [*Coughing*].—Ugh, ugh, my cough is daily growing worse ;
 I wish I could afford to hire a nurse.
 Oh, dear ! this rheumatiz—how my back aches !
 I wonder what keeps Poppy with the cakes.
 I really marvel that she don't walk faster.
 She's bringing me a square of porous plaster :
 I only hope she won't forget the gin !

Knock at Door.

Who's there ?

Lupus [*Outside*].—Your pretty Poppy.

Granny.— Well, walk in.

Lupus.—How must I open it ?

Granny.— Just pull the string ;

The latch will lift as smooth as anything.

[*Enter LUPUS, WOLVERINO, AND BARON*].

How long you've tarried, child.

Lupus.— I took the tram way,
 Of all the means of travelling the sham way.

We twice got off the line, ran o'er a kid,
 And went about three miles round—yes, we did.

Granny.—You've brought the things ?—especially the gin ?

Lupus.—Yes, Granny ; stunning Old Tom !

[*Aside to WOLF. and BARON*].—Stop your din.

Step softly, or you're sure to blow the gaff.

Granny.—How strange your voice sounds.

Lupus (*aside*).— There, don't make me laugh ;

(*aloud*).—I've got a bad cold—stopping out all night.

Granny.—Eh,—what's that ?

Lupus.—

No, I mean—

Granny.— I got a fright.

Here, Poppy, dear, give granny a sweet kiss.

Lupus (*coming forward*).—Well, granny, tell me just how you like this !—

[*LUPUS seizes her.*]

Granny.—A wolf ! Oh mercy ;

Lupus.—

Nay, you needn't struggle.

Ha, ha, we've caught you by a pretty juggle.

Granny.—You're jocular—don't let me plead in vain.

Lupus.—And so we mean to try your juggler vein.

[*GRANNY screams and faints.*]

Lupus.—A subject tough as this would not be pleasant ;

Take her you—I'm not hungry just at present.

Wolf.—Oh, thank you, while you eat Riding Hood

All by yourself. That's really very good

For you, dear Lupus, but it's hardly fair.

Say—do you promise Riding Hood to share ?

Lupus.—I do.—I'll keep her heart—the very best of her ;

If I win that, why you shall have the rest of her

Wolf.—What, honour bright ?

Lupus.— Yes, take this beldam tough.

Divide her fairly now—she'll cut up rough.

Baron.—She seems cut up all ready.

Wolf.—

Come, no joking.

Let's to our den. Delay is most provoking.

I feel so hungry, I can scarce refrain

From cutting off.

Granny.—

Well, cut and come again !

Release me, villains, or I'll screech ! Let go !

Lupus.—Leave me your night-gown and your cap. Just so ;

[LUPUS takes cap, &c., and puts it on. GRANNY is dragged out struggling violently].

Lupus.—There, now, I think I make a nice old woman ;

Though Riding Hood will find I am a rum un.

I'm sure my features look well in this border ;

And now, to set the kitchen in good order.

[A knock is heard, and LUPUS hurries into Bed].

Lupus.—Ugh, ugh. Who's there ?

Poppy (Outside).—Your grand-child. Don't you know her ?

Lupus.—Excuse me for not coming to the door.

I'm ill in bed, and can't rise—I'm so sore.

So pull the bobbin, dear, and lift the latch—

She little knows the Tartar she will catch.

[Enter POPPY, with Dog].

Poppy.—Excuse me, granny dear, for being late.

Lupus.—Oh, poor old folks like me must always wait.

I was so hungry—food I had no more—

I couldn't keep the wolf, dear, from the door.

Pop. y.—I am so sorry, granny, but I've fetched you

Such pretty flowers.

Lupus.—The wolves, girl, might have ketched you.

Poppy.—The wolves ?—I do not dread them in the forest.

Lupus.—Take care you do not meet what thou abhorrest.

What have you brought me ?

Poppy.—Oh, such pretty cakes.

Lupus.—I do so like cakes.

Poppy.—What a noise she makes.

Some pats of butter, and some nice green tea.

Lupus.—What, green ? Oh, no, green tea won't do for me ;

I'm not so green to be good caper spiling

With coloured leaves, and steel and iron filing.

Is that a dog you've got ?

Poppy.—It's only Tibby.

Lupus.—Is he a big un ?

Poppy.—No, quite small.

Lupus.—Ah, how fibby !

Poppy.—What are you sniffing at ? (to Dog).

Lupus.—It makes no difference,

Only I'd rather you would take that sniffer hence.

I ne'er was fond of dogs.

Poppy.—Don't let him fright you.

Were you a wolf now, p'raps he'd try and bite you.

Lupus.—What else is in your basket ?

Poppy.—Feast your eyes on

This pie Jack Horner sent you.

Lupus.—Ah ! It's pison.

Poppy.—Ah, granny dear, what goggle eyes you've got.

Lupus.—I'd jist as soon have goggles, dear, as not.

They're all the better, child, of course, to see with.

Poppy.—Well, that opinion, I can scarce agree with.

And now I'm on the subject, what long ears !

With beauty length most sadly interferes.

Like donkeys, granny, yours have lately grown.

Lupus.—They're better thus for hearing with, you'll own.

Poppy.—True, granny, but this child scarce understands

Why you have got such long and hairy hands.

Lupus.—You may think me in my belief erratic.

The hair proves me to be *hair-istocratic*.

Poppy.—Excuse me, granny, if I just remark,
Your mouth and teeth remind me of a shark.

Lupus.—*Ha!* think you so? To rights I'd better set her—
For eating you up quick they're all the better!

POPPY shrieks. LUPUS springs up and seizes her. *TIBBY flies at his throat*].

Poppy.—Help! help! wild-flowers.

Lupus.—Vainly for help you call;

[They cannot help you—here, I'm lord of all.

[*JACK HORNER and VILLAGERS rush in*].

Jack.—What do I see?—my Poppy in distress!—
The Wolf in granny's clothes?

Lupus.—Yes—in *dis dress*.

Jack.—Unhand her, villain!—there, hands off, you lubber!

Shiver my timbers, but I'll make you blubber.

Come on, lads! help us now, you Fairy Daisy!

Lupus.—In vain you shriek! Just make your mind quite aisy;

The fairies can but help you in their thicket—

O'er this wood I hold sway; I'll make you lick it.

Jack.—Spite of your cudgel, you we'll soundly drub.

Lupus.—This cudgel, yet, will prove your burial club.

[*JACK and PEASANTS are overpowered by the DEMON WOLVES*].

TABLEAU.

SCENE VII.

ENCHANTED WOOD.

[*Enter DAME TROT, followed by TABBY*].

Dame.—Oh, dear! it's all no use, my pretty Tabby!

We search in vain to find my precious babby.

Suppose the very wicked wolves have swallowed her!

Or else, suppose that school-board chap has collared her!

What's that I see?—it is—it are—it ain't—

My daughter with the wolf! Help!—I shall faint!

[*Enter LUPUS, POPPY, JACK HORNER, WOLVES, and all the PEASANTS*].

Dame.—Come to my arms, my darling!

Lupus.—I incline

To think that she will have to come to mine.

Seize the old woman!

Dame.—Ha! I'd like to see

The party as would lay a hand on me!

Come, me and Tabby will take every one;

Eh? Won't we Tab? One down, and tother come on.

[*Squares up to FOXIFUM, but is soon overpowered*].

Poppy.—Oh, spare her life, and take my life instead!

Lupus.—We'll grind down *all* your bones to make our bread.

Dame.—Did you see Granny?

Lupus.—No—a certain wolf,

In his deep maw poor Granny will engulf.

See, here she comes, and safe in wolfish claws.

Poppy.—Oh, would that she could find a saving clause!

Poor Granny! [*Enter GRANNY, with WOLVERINO and BARON*].

Dame.—The Baron, too, her captor!

Wolf.—You can't believe how nicely we entrapped her.

Dame.—Would that my nails that Brandinose could catch!

Baron.—I'm rather shy at coming to the scratch.

Well, Lupus, since I've kept my promise true,

I leave you prisoners with your cruel crew.
 Jack Horner—of his bride and lands I've tricked him—
 Of your presumption, now, you are the victim.

[*Is going, but is met by DAISY.*]

Daisy.—I beg your pardon—stop!

Baron.—No; I beg yours.

I seek your door to go.

Daisy.—[*intercepting him*] Which I secures!

Lupus.—Who—what are you?

Dams.—A fairy, by her dress.

Daisy.—A friend to these poor prisoners in distress.
 Release them all!

Lupus.—How dare you thus presume?

Poppy.—A wild-flower fairy, by her sweet perfume.

Jack.—The very one that promised so to aid you.

Lupus.—For once, you see, your fairy has betrayed you.

We have you in our grasp; we'll not let go
 For anybody here!

Daisy.—Oh, won't you, though?

You've wandered strangely to the realms so green,
 In which you own the power of Eglantine.

Lupus.—Eh—what? law! so we have!—e'er she can turn up,
 We'll these, our victims, very quickly burn up.
 You're Queen is nowhere near—Ha, ha!—you're sold!
 Granny, though you be old, you're first—

Behold!

[*GRANNY throws off cloak, and appears as EGLANTINE.*]

Lupus and Wolves.—The Fairy Queen!

Poppy and Peasants.—How's this? Sweet Eglantine!

Egl.—Yes; and the mistress of this sylvan scene.

He thought he'd trapped you, but this way tricked him.

(*to Poppy*) I am your Grandam good—now, who's the victim?

Lupus.—Dished—sold again! But there, I won't repent;

I'll be a wolf to-morrow, and give vent

To all my vengeance on your fairy heads—

Here,—don't you see, the people want their beds?

Egl.—Ha! that's all right—and, yet, it would be wrong
 To finish up without a lively Song.

GRAND FINALE, AND BREAKDOWN DANCE,

By the Characters.

Egl.—Now that is over, it is time to show

Where sweet Riding Hood and Jack will go.

Secure from wicked wolves, they'll dwell serene.

Behold their home!—I thus reveal the scene!

GRAND TRANSFORMATION.

Entitled, LIGHT AND SHADE IN FAIRY LAND, OR THE GLITTERING GROTTO
 OF A MYRIAD STARS.

Boy Blue.—Oh, my, what's this? I'm quaking in my skin.

Baron.—Hillo, he's changing into HARLEQUIN!

(*change*)

Poppy.—Oh, dear, this feeling strange I can't divine.

Baron.—Just look, she's changing into COLUMBINE!

(*change*)

Lupus.—Look at Tom Tucker! Change appears the motto.

Behold, he's HARLEQUIN—yes, *à la Watteau.*

(*change*)

They all are changing to a pretty tune.

Baron.—Suppose that you turn into PANTALON!

(*change*)

Bless me, what's this! I grin, instead of frown.

Oh, hang it all! I must turn into CLOWN!

(*change*)

Queen.—Now, to conclude, let's wish our kind friends here,
 A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year!

HARRY LEOPOLD'S

CLOWN	Mr. HARRY LEOPOLD.
PANTALOON	Mr. HARRY HOLLAND.
HARLEQUIN	Mr. JOHN WILLMORE.
COLUMBINE	Miss JULIA CRESWICK.
HARLEQUIN	(<i>a la wateau</i>) Miss NELLY VEZIN.
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Scene 2nd.—CHEESEMONGERS AND PAWNBROKER'S.

Tasting is Cheap—Lick, Licker, Liquor—Pigs sold or bought—Dead Meat—Who Stole the Pig?—Knuckled Down for Dusting—Taken up Clean—Police! Police!—A Warm Reception—The Bitter Bit—Exchange is no Robbery—Two to One if I do—A Thousand to One I don't—A Mud Lark—Carrots and Turnips for nothing—A Swell Swelled into a Raging Wave—A Rise in Life—Upside Down—Hanging up to Dry—Pantaloon in Pawn—A New Way to get Clothes—You've Stole my Heart—Sarah, so I have—One Good Turn Deserves Another—Clown Caught Catching what he ought not—Hundreds of Brick-bats to the Rescue, which knocks us into

Scene 3rd.—DREARY DEPTHS OF DISCORD.

CHANGE TO

Scene 4th (and Last).—REALMS OF EVERLASTING SPRING.

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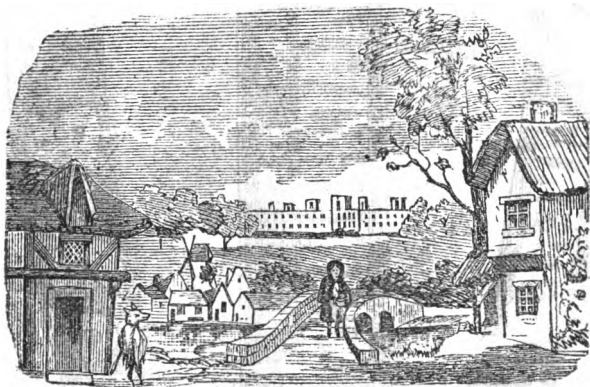
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